

it's... not a match

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it's... not a match

by [crimsvn](#)

Summary

George is bored while waiting for his flight, so he decides to check through Tinder.

It was safe to say that George was not quite sure what to think when he hears, "Ouch, hard left on that one?" from behind him.

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Inspired by [this tweet](#).

Notes

~~to make it very clear, i do not ship dnf, nor condone the shipping of real people unless both parties have said it's alright (such as in this case). tossed my moral compass in the garbage for an idea lol~~

^^^^ who is this loser??? hi its me from august 2021. anyway. rip to my dnfer denial stage

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

George had never really been a fan of airports.

They were always buzzing with an overwhelming amount of people, each in their own rush to get somewhere. There was almost never a moment that he couldn't hear a baby cry or a child scream, and the barely comprehensible overhead announcements always scratched his brain in the worst way possible. It was an unpleasant experience at best, and complete hell on earth at worst. And don't get him started on the whole ordeal of being *on a plane*.

Currently he was sitting at his gate, awaiting his next flight. Layovers were consistent in ruining George's mood, forcing him to loiter around his least favourite place in the world for much longer than necessary. He doesn't know why he insists on travelling as often as he does.

George flips endlessly between apps for an hour, boredom already set deep in his bones. The flight had been delayed once already, but the wait was already two hours. He pops an ibuprofen at some point, pinpricks of a headache creeping in because of fatigue and eye strain from being on his phone for so long.

Then a brilliant—or perhaps completely idiotic—idea hits him. He was in a new, unfamiliar place that he likely wouldn't visit again any time soon, so why not scope out the singles in the area. George was desperately alone, so some semblance of relationship searching would perhaps make him feel a bit better. Or, at the very least, it could serve as something to pass the time.

George swipes left and right haphazardly through the selection Tinder presents to him, mostly keeping an ear out for any announcement that might be relevant to him rather than focusing his full attention to the app. There's a few attractive faces, but George was picky and low on time. Tinder was a haven of false hope that he was deeply involved in.

The only time George actually hesitates is when he comes across the profile of a handsome blond by the name of *Dream*. George, in fact, takes a moment to read through his bio and tap through his photos. In the end, though, he swipes left. It was likely George wouldn't ever see the man again, and it would probably be healthy to not get attached to some good-looking stranger.

The second his thumb moves across the screen, George hears someone suck air sharply through their teeth from behind him, followed by a mock offended, "Ouch, hard left on that one?"

George whirls his head around to see that, standing there, was the man he had just swiped left on—*Dream*. Well. That was unexpected. He feels his cheeks heat up, and George is certain his face is beet red. He scrambles to find some sort of excuse, reply, words, *anything*.

"I, uh. Um. I-I don't know I just thought..." George stammers. *Dream* was even more attractive in person, now that George *really* takes a look at him. Charming, even. And *very* tall.

Dream tilts his head, an intrigued smile on his lips. "Thought what?"

George shrugs helplessly. His neck begins to hurt from craning it behind him, so he shifts in his seat for comfort. "I dunno. I just didn't, uh. Didn't expect to see you ever again, if at all."

Dream nods, seemingly contented by the response. "That makes sense. My ego's still a bit bruised though." *Dream* laughs. He offers out his hand. "Dream. Though you obviously know that."

George accepts with mild hesitancy and a weak chuckle. "George. It's, um. Nice to meet you I guess?"

"You too," *Dream* replies. "So where are you headed?"

Dream vaults the row of uncomfortably tight seats to sit next to George. It would have been infinitely easier to go around, *but to each their own*, George thought.

"I'm on my way back home, in Brighton," George tells him. They brush shoulders and suddenly George is hyperaware of just how close they were now. *Oh man.*

Dream bumps his arm. "That's neat. I'm actually headed to Brighton too. To visit my friend," he clarifies.

George hums. "Maybe our seats are close," he teases, or at least, tries his best to. It's a poor attempt at humour, but George felt oddly nervous, in a way. Something about Dream's presence — though it most certainly was not a *bad* thing.

"Maybe," Dream concurs. "I think I'm somewhere around row eighteen. Window seat."

Why does George's heart drop? Why do his shoulders fall in defeat? "Shame. I'm row twenty-six."

They fall into an awkward silence. George had never been too keen on keeping a conversation with strangers, be it his own social incapabilities or just a lack of wanting to do so. Dream was... different, in a way, but there was still little in the way of information between them.

"So..." Dream endeavours, but to no avail. George supposed Dream was at just as much of a loss as he was.

"So," George parrots, a curt response. It isn't much help to nurture the rapidly dying embers of their conversation, but it's a start. A shitty one, but a start nonetheless.

"What were you doing in America, if you don't mind my asking?" Dream finally inquires.

The question was obviously that of a miracle, a saving grace, as it is the exact push the two men had needed to revive their conversation. They fall into steady chatter as George answers, and they continue to exchange more questions afterwards.

It makes for a hell of a better time-pass than his phone ever could, because before George knew it, the announcement for their flight's boarding sounds over the intercom, and the two pack up their things and pull out their passports and tickets, moving to stand in line in order to board.

It's in line that Dream turns to him and says, ever-so-bold, "Wanna exchange numbers? Just in case we don't see each other after landing."

George huffs with mock exasperation. They had grown much more comfortable with each other over their time talking. "I dunno, Dream. I do recall swiping *left* on you."

Dream rolls his eyes playfully. "You really know how to knock a man down a few pegs, huh?"

George grins. "I'm kidding. You've made me reconsider my decision. At least for now. No more second chances, though. You'd better be on your best behaviour from now on."

"Yessir." Dream mock salutes, and they laugh.

The two continue to chat all the way through the line and down the jetway, then eventually part ways as they get on the plane. It's a sort of... *disheartening* feeling that blooms in George's chest, but he knew it wasn't a goodbye. Not by a long shot.

As George settles into his seat after cramming his carryon into the overhead compartment, he

receives a smiley-face text from Dream. He reciprocates the message before setting his phone to airplane-mode.

Whether it be the start of a friendship, or perhaps something even more, George decidedly thinks that *maybe airports aren't so bad. Maybe.*

End Notes

should i write more? i have a few ideas but idk lol. feedback and kudos are always lovely!

<3

(and also i have a [twitter!](#))

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